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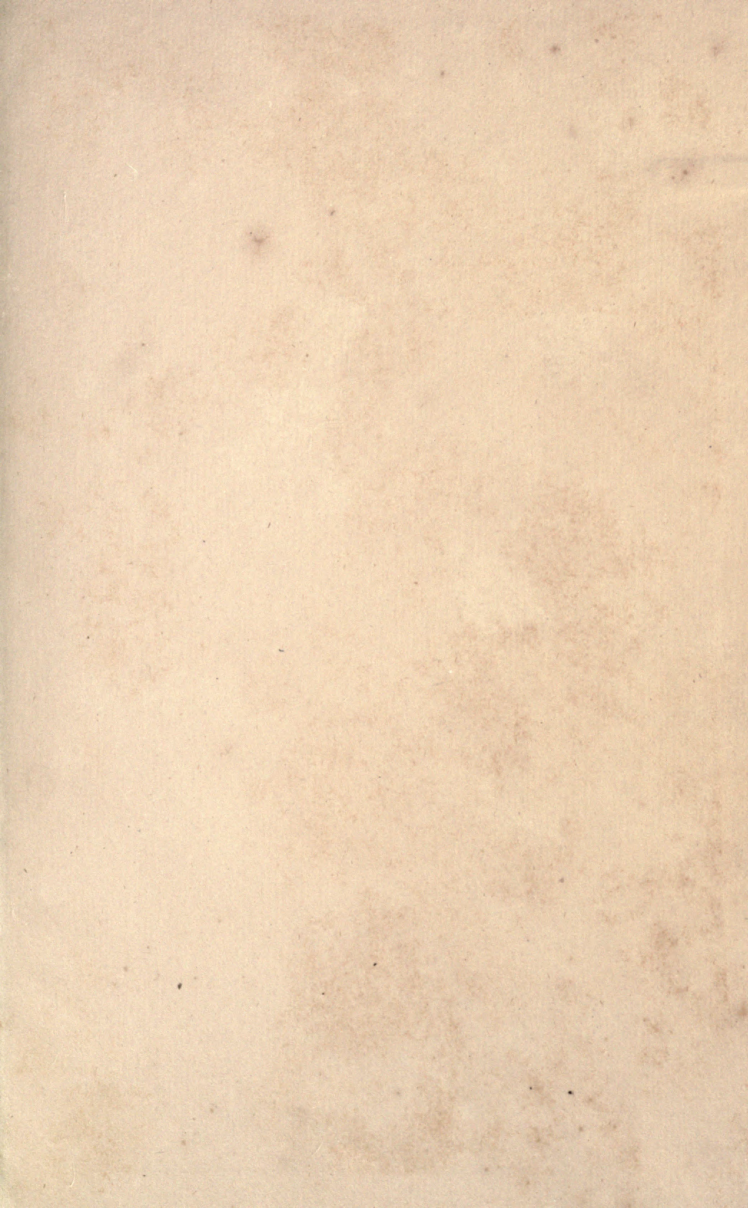
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THE
CHARACTER
OF
A TOWN-MISS.



LONDON,
Printed for *Rowland Reynolds* in the *Strand*,
1680.

THE
CHARACTER
OF
A TOWN-MISS.



LONDON,
Printed for Rowland Kewolds in the Strand,
1880.



THE CHARACTER OF A TOWN MISS.

A Miss is a Name, which the *Civility* of this Age bestows on *one*, that our *unmannerly* Ancestors call'd *Whore* and *Strumpet*. A certain *Help-meet* for a Gentleman, instead of a Wife; Serving either for prevention of the Sin of *Marrying*, or else as a little *Side Pillow*, to render the Yoke of *Matrimony* more easy. She is an excellent *Conveniency* for those that have more *Money* than *Wit*, to spend their *Estates* upon; and the most that can be said in her *Commendation*, Is, that she will infallibly bring a Man to *Repentance*. Yet you may call her an *honest Courtesan*, or at least a *Common Inclosed*; for though she is an *Out-lier*, yet she seems to be confined within the *Pale*, and differs from your ordinary *Prostitute*, as *Whole-sale* men from *Retailers*; one perhaps has an *hundred* Customers, and to'ther but *Two* or *Three*, and yet *this* gets most by her Trade. Indeed she may well *thrive*, seeing

she always carries her *Stock* about her, and every man is desirous to deal in her Commodity : For she is a Gallant *Business*, a Citizens *Recreation*, a Lawyers *Estate in Fee-tail* ; a Young Doctors *Necessary Experiment*, and a Parsons *comfortable Importance*.

The Royal Preacher calls her a *Strange* Woman, but we usually term her a *Common* Woman, and have reason so to do ; for sins that were *strange* in *Solomons* days, are *common* in ours. She is a Caterpillar that destroys many a hopeful Young Gentleman in the Blossom, a *Land-Syren* far more dangerous than those in the Sea : For he that falls into her hands, runs a *three-fold* hazard of Shipwrecking *Soul, Body, and Estate*.

She talks high of her *Family*, and tells a large story how they were Ruined by the late *Wars*. But the true History of her Life, is generally to this Effect : She is only the *Cub* of a *Bumkin*, licked into a Genteel form by *Town Conversation* : Nature gave her a good *Face*, and an indifferent stock of *confidence*, which she by prudent management has improved into *Impudence* ; like a forward *Rose bud* she openeth betimes, and lost that trifle they call a *Maiden-Head*, so early, that she cannot remember she ever had any such thing. She was scarcely *thirteen* when her Fathers *Ploughman*, and the *Squire* their Landlord (the verier *Clown* of the two)

went Joint Tenants to her *Copyhold*; but proving with Child, she had the wit to lay it to the *Last*, who for his Credit, dispatched her *Incognito*, with a sum of Money, on a Carriers Pack, to be disburthened at *London*, the goodliest Forest in *England* to shelter a great *Belly*: There the *bantling* was exposed to the Tuition of the *Parish* in a *Handbasket*, and the Charitable *Midwife* (who counts *procuring* in a civil way, a necessary part of her Office) soon brought her acquainted with a *third Rate Gentlewoman*, who took her a Lodging in a Garret, and allowed her *six shillings* a Week. But making a Sally abroad one Night, picked up a *Drunken Cully*, and at a Tavern (whilst he was no less *pleasantly* employed) picked his pocket of a *Gold Watch*, and some straggling *Guineas*, and left him to pawn his *Sword* and *Perriwig* for the Reckoning. After this lucky Adventure, she discards *Monsieur shabby* (her former Customer) and her *Lofty Lodging*; puts herself in a good *Garb*, gets a *Maid* (forgive me, for I Lye, I mean a *Shee-Servant*) whom she teaches to call her *Madam*, and your *Honour*, and hires Noble Rooms richly Furnished, about *Covent-Garden*; there she takes State upon her, and practices every day four hours in the *Glass*, how *Greatness* will become her. Her first business is to make herself to be taken notice of, to which purpose like *Dinah*, she walks the

Streets, sometimes like *Jael*, she stands at the Door ; and sometimes like *Jezabel*, she looks out at the Window : But her main *Market-place* is the *Balcony*, which she frequents as constantly as any Lady in a *Romance* and the Language of her Eyes is, *What do you lack sir ?* By which she at last attracts a Wealthy *Gallant*, who with a little *Address*, obtains the mighty Honour of her *Acquaintance* ; but she seems extreme Nice, Reserved and Modest, protests she would not go to a *Tavern* for a World, when the whole business is, she is only afraid of being *Pawned* there. In brief, she *Manages* him so discreetly, that she *Cheats* him into Love *Insensibly*, like a *Tailors-Bill*, wherein a man sees himself *Rooked* abominably, yet knows not where to find fault. Having thus got the *Woodcock* into the Pitfall, she resolves to *Pluck* him : When he importunes her for the *Great Kindness*, she talks of *Honour* and *Conscience*, and vows she will never *stain* her Reputation but for *valuable Considerations* : this brings them to *Articles*, he promises to allow her a *Hundred and fifty pounds* a Year, and she Swears a thousand dissembling Oaths, how infinitely she loves him, and that she will prove constant, and true to him alone, and never be concerned with any other man in the World ; and the silly Fop is so fatally bewitched as to believe her ; And continues a long time in that

fools Paradise of *Dotage*, whilst in the mean time she drives a *Trade* privately, with two or three more. For the *Concealing* of which from the first, 'tis the whole Employ of the little *Harlotry*, her Chamber-Maid, to study lies, Pretences and *Excuses* and she makes them pay her even to *Extortion*; to quicken her *Invention*, Sometimes she is gone abroad in her *Aunts Coach*; Sometimes one of her Consins, a *Woollen Drapers Wife* in the City is Sick and she must *Visit* her. Nor is *Madam* herself less full of Plot and *Intrigue* to *Bubble* her *Gallant*: Sometimes having *pleased* him well, she begs the best *Ring* he has on his finger, or pretends herself to be in *Debt*; and that unless he will suffer her to be scandalized with an *Arrest*, *Bound* he must be for her) to one of her *Confederates* you may be sure) for fifty pound, and the *everlasting Changeling* cannot find in his heart to deny her: At other times she shall purposely give him occasion to be *Jealous*, and when he has *Raved* and *Swore*, and *Cursed* and *Ranted* for two hours as if he had been *possessed* with a hundred and fifty Devils, she shall *cleverly* wipe off the suspicion, upbraid his *Jealous Coxcomb-ship*; fall a *Sniveling*, and call herself the most *unfortunate* of Women, to love a man with so much *Passion*, that thus *abuses* her: Then he *submits*, begs her Pardon on his Knees, and *Coaxes* her with all imaginable kindness; but

still she *pouts*, looks *Sullen*, and will not let him have a bit of *that same*, till he has given her a *New Gown*, or a *Necklace of Pearl*, for *Atonement*, and reconciliation.

But in time, his Appetite being *Cloyed*, his purse *exhausted*, or his Eyes *enlightened*, he begins to withdraw, and she soon finds out another, a *verier fool* than he; but for *Security*, will not Trade, unless he settle an *annuity* of £300 a Year on her for *Life*; which being firmly done by an able *Conveyancer* in *Sheep-skins*, half as large as the *Premises*; Within one Month she *abandons* him for a more *Noble* and *Strenuous Gallant*. And now being arrived at the *Zenith* of her *Glory*, she has her Boys in *Livery*, her *House* splendidly furnished, and scorns to stir abroad without a *Coach and six horses*: She glitters in the *Boxes* at the *Play-house*, and draws all Eyes after her in the *Street*, to the shame and *Confusion* of all *honest Women*, and Encouragement of each *Pretty Girl* that loves *fine Clothes*, good *Cheer*, and *Idleness*, to turn *Harlot*, in Imitation of such a *thriving Example*.

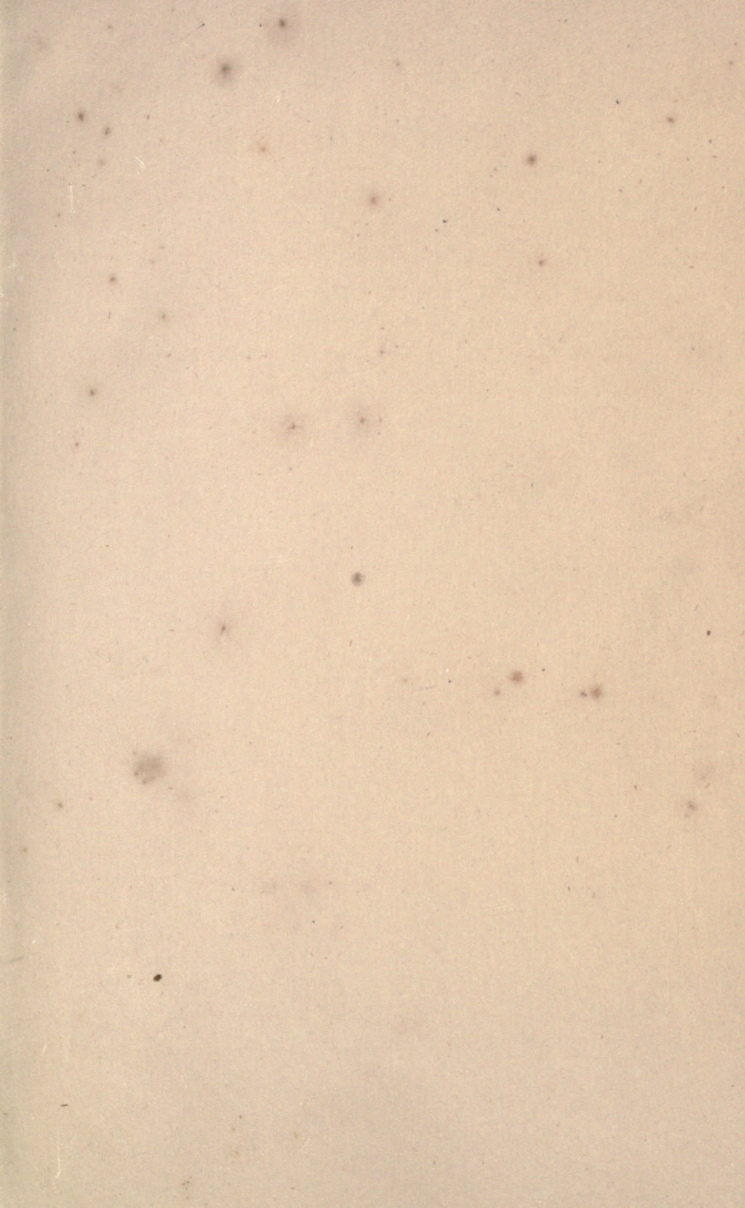
She takes upon her, more *Pride*, than would have served six of *Queen Elizabeths Countesses*; uses *Sirrah* at every word, and to a *Lady* of the best *Quality*, and *Old* enough to be her *Mother*: Nothing but—*I tell thee sweet heart!* She despises her *Sister*, for losing her *Reputation*, by being

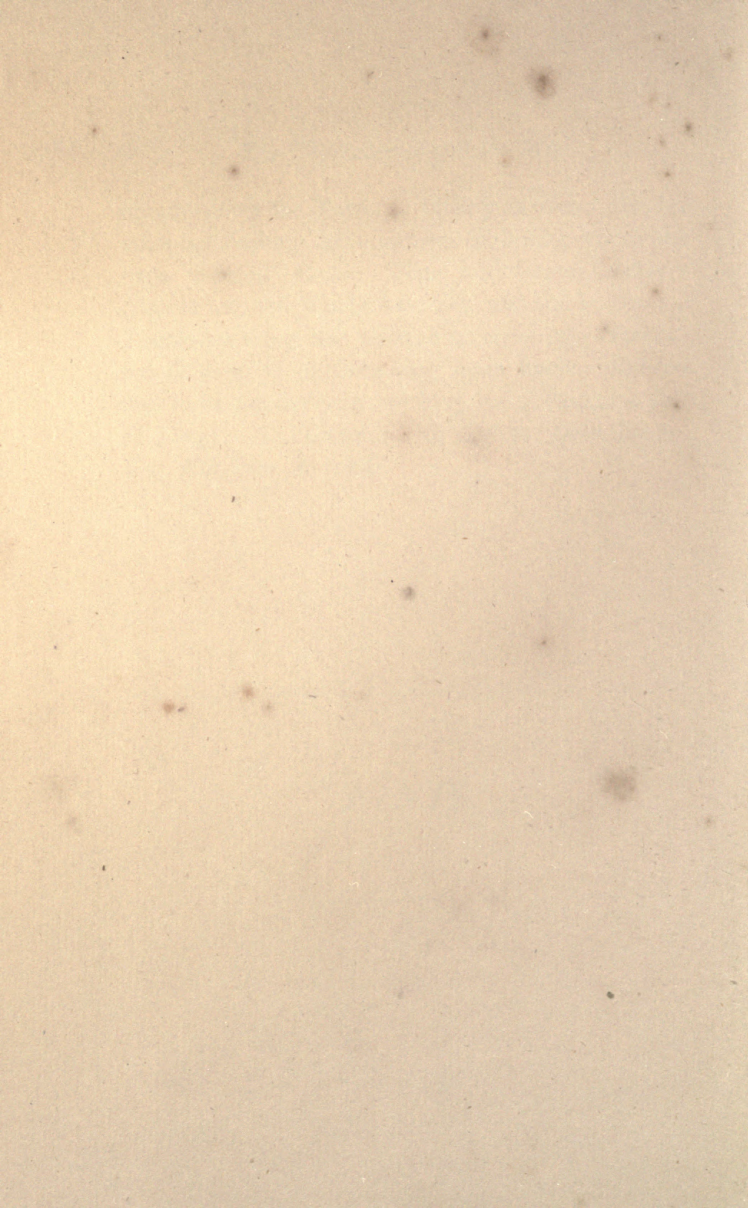
kept by a meaner Gallant than her own ; and gets one to attempt to Steal her, that she may be thought an extraordinary Fortune.

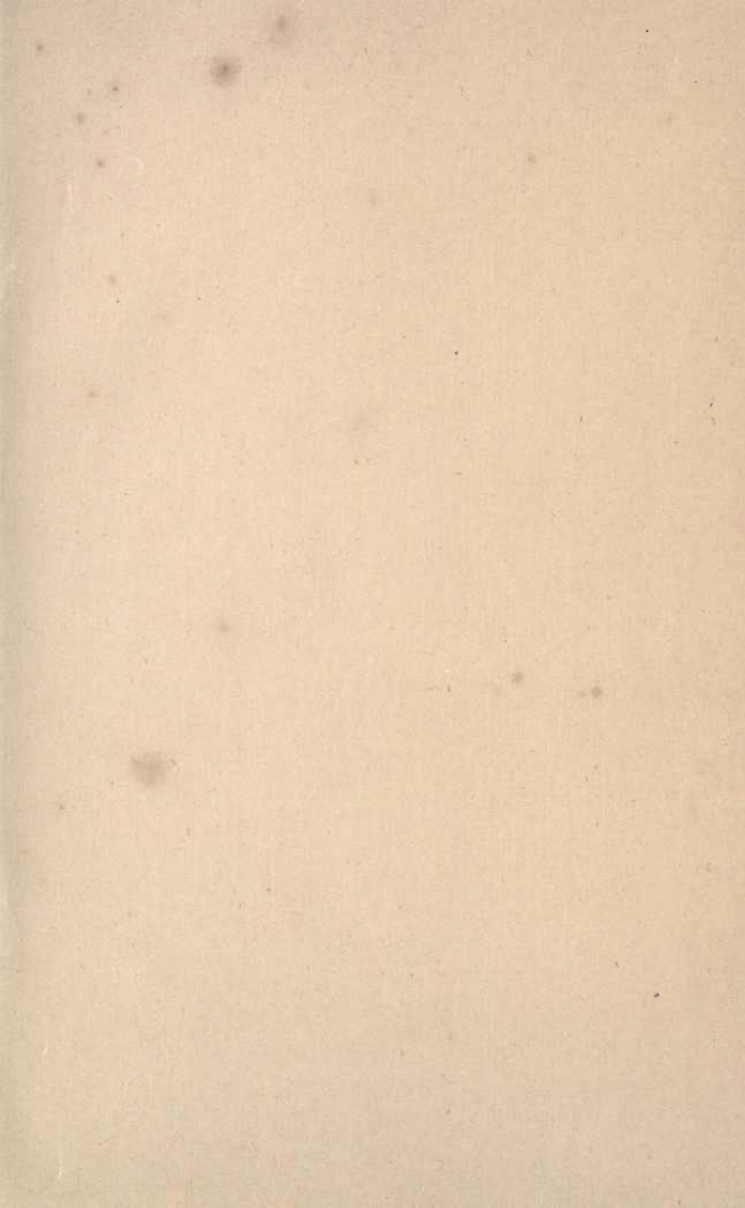
She hath always two necessary Implements about her, a *Blackamoor*, and a little dog ; for without these, she would be neither *Fair* nor *Sweet* : The rest of her Retinue consists of her *She-Secretary*, that keeps the Box of her Teeth, her Hair, and her Painting. An *Old Trot*, that understands the Town, and goes between *Party* and *Party*, and a *French Merchant* to supply her with *Dildo's* ; or in default of those, she makes her Gallants Purse maintain two able *Stallions* (that she loves better than him) for performance of points wherein he is *Defective*. Her Skin is much Clearer than her *Conscience*, which makes her go with her *Neck* and *shoulders Bare* ; and she has reason, for her upper Parts are the *shop* of *Cupid*, and those below, his *Warehouse* : But all that you are like to buy there, is *Damnation*, and *Diseases*. She is a very *Butcher*, that exposes her own flesh to Sale by the *Stone* ; or if you please, a *Cook* that is Dressing herself all day with *Poignant Sauces*, to be tasted with the better Appetite at Night. Like a Disabled *Frigate*, that had received many Shots between *Wind* and *Water*, She is forc'd once a year to put in at *Tunbridge*, or *Epsom*, to *Wash* and *Tallow*, and *Refit* her *Leaky Bottom* : after which, she *Cruises*

up and down the Town as briskly as ever ; till *Age* spoil her Sailing, and engraves *Wrinkles*, where she once painted *Roses* : Then her former *Adorers* despise her, the World *hates* her, and she becomes a *Loathsome* thing, too unclean to enter into *Heaven* ; too *Diseased* to continue long upon Earth ; and too foul to be *touched* with anything but a *Pen*, or a pair of *Tongs* : And therefore 'tis time to *Leave* her ;—
For, *Foh, how she stinks.*

FINIS.























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